Free-Trade—Another Name For Suicide

Free trade and suicide are synonyms but it has taken war to drive this truth home.

The theory of free trade and an export business, of producing raw materials, selling them to other people to manufacture and then buying back a fraction of the product, is like many another theory—it looks good on paper. Also it works well when it works. When the machinery stops it is economic hell.

The population of the magnificent Australian continent have worked along on that principle without a hitch right up to August, 1914. Australia has grown wheat and sold it to England. She has grown forty per cent of the world's fine wools and has sold nineteen-twentieths of her produce to France, Germany, Belgium and Austria.

Australia has developed a tremendous frozen meat trade, an enormous butter and cheese trade, produces the world's supply of rabbit skins for felt hats, ships coal in half the manufacturing nations, mines hundreds of thousands of tons of copper, iron, zinc, tin and silver ores and ships them to European smelters—and from one end of Australia to the other there is not one decent factory to manufacture any of these raw materials.

Forty per cent of what Australia buys comes from Germany. The Antipodean people do not consume five per cent of the raw products of their own fields, forests and mines and they do not manufacture two per cent of them.

On the twenty-seventh of July no business man in Australia would have traded places with the kings of the earth. On the first day of August a million men were paupers. Men talk about heroic courage and going down to defeat on the field of battle, the honor of it, the needless, useless waste of life, the glory of the conqueror, the shame of the vanquished, but at least these who fought had a chance for life, if Luck, the supreme God of Battles, smiled upon them.

Australia, at peace with all the world, had no chance. When war came the whole industrial life of the people crumpled like a house of cards. The nation had followed false Gods and had sacrificed on strange altars.

The first week in August saw fifty thousand men and women out of work in Sydney. The great flocks of sheep are being left unshorn. The mines have closed. There is no market for the produce of the farms. There is no incoming stream of manufactured goods to supply the daily wants of the people.

Men do not eat raw wheat, or shoe their horses with iron ore, or clothe their families with fleeces. Poor old free-trade Australia, at her wit's end, without mills, forges or spindles, with bursting granaries and raw products to feed and clothe the world must go naked and hungry.

The tangle of free trade and foreign markets has exploded and the explosion was worse than war. No nation can live through the storm and flood of international warfare unless its home industries are entrenched behind the wall of a protective tariff. Free trade is a beautiful theory, but its predicate is universal peace.

The people of the United States need not follow that will-o'-the-wisp any farther into the barren deserts of economic poverty. With Australia's example before us what American is there who dares to stand out for free trade?

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"Is That All?"

I wonder if the people of Kohala appreciate the good thing they have in their midst in their Midget? I doubt it, because I have heard some of them refer to it as the Bridget and intimate that it is a gossipy little thing. But a good many people all over the Territory do appreciate the many bright items and sparkles of clean wit which appear week after week in the little sheet, printed by amateur but ambitious boy-printers and written by amateur correspondents and an editor who does preaching in a pulpit as well as in his columns.

In the current issue of the Midget is hit off excellently what practically every editor in Hawaii has experienced, namely, the desire of the reading public for a million dead men every morning. Says the Kohala paperette, under the heading, "No War News":

No important movement, either between Germans and Allies, or between Russians and Austrians and Germans, or on sea, has been allowed to come through the censors since we last went to press, if any such has taken place.

The Germans' right wing, at one time reported within seventeen miles of Paris, seems to have moved on around to try to find a weaker spot. A few minor incidents have come through the censors: the finding of 63,000 identification tags of German soldiers, fixing this as the number killed on the march towards Paris; the imminence of famine in Vienna; the alignment of three million Russians and Austrians against each other; the landing of a second expeditionary force, British and Russians, of half a million, at Ostend, to fall on the rear of the Germans; the appropriation by Japan of $26,000,000 for war purposes; the offer of France and England to guarantee the integrity of European Turkey if Turkey remains neutral.

When there is important news we will issue an extra page of wireless.

This illustrates to a nicety the general attitude of the public. "Nothing important," says the average reader, after noting that a fortress has fallen under a terrific bombardment, three hundred thousand Indians have volunteered for service, an army of a million has been routed and a city has been given to the flames.

"Is that all?" they ask, when the news comes of an army corps wiped out, a peaceable steamship sunk by a floating mine and the mobilization of the army of a first-class Power.

The reading public has lost its sense of proportion. People talk glibly of a million men tearing each other to pieces with all the weapons of death and destruction that science has given them, and appear to appreciate what it all means as much as a cockroach appreciates the solar system. Bombs hurtle from the air, and sleeping men, women and children are smashed into eternity, and the news excites only a flicker of interest. On every continent of the world men are fighting or preparing to fight, but unless there is a pitched battle reported every morning, with a naval engagement as an added feature, newspaper readers yawn.

I remember the long dispatches that came when some officer's orderly was nabbed by some Mexicans at Vera Cruz, only a short time ago, and how important that item was to every American. Now they are killing more men every twenty-four hours in Europe than all the Mexicans killed in all their fighting for the past two years, and we still complain that there is no war news and nothing important developing.

Some morning we may have our million dead. Then what will the public want?

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Trust-Busting in Lunalilo's Time.

Government regulation of the prices of food stuffs is looked upon today as an extraordinary interference with the rights of merchants, only permissible as a war-time measure.

When put into execution, as it has been in all the European countries since August first, this regulative control by edict has the majority of the people behind it and is therefore the strongest kind of law. The majority of the citizens of Honolulu probably do not know that food prices were absolutely controlled by royal edict two generations ago.

Frank Cooke was telling me about his boyhood experiences when he and George Castle as barefoot youngsters infested the highways and byways of this village back in whaling-ship days.

Prince William, a somewhat dissolute member of the royal family but the brightest, wittiest, best educated and most liked of all the Hawaiians of sixty years ago succeeded to the throne and, assuming the title Lunalilo, was king for eleven months. Whatever his frailties Lunalilo was king, there was no gainsaying that. He watched over his subjects and ruled them, perhaps somewhat arbitrarily—all kings do that—but with a firm and just hand.

Every market day would see him stalking around among the country men who sat by the roadside with their offerings of poi, fish, sweet potatoes and native delicacies, a heavy cane in his hand, examining their produce and asking prices.

Poi in those days was sold by the calabash, and for years the standard market price had been one quarter of a dollar per measure. That year taro was a short crop and more than the usual number of whalers were in port, so the market men combined to raise the price per calabash to half a dollar.

Lunalilo would go about among the poi sellers asking prices. "How much for this calabash?" "Half-a-dollar." Smash, came his heavy cane on the calabash, and poi and dish were scattered in the dust. Then on down the line, until when a dozen or so calabashes had been smashed the "poi trust" saw the point and the market broke—to twenty-five cents per.

What happened after Lunalilo's time I do not know, but there was one whole eleven months of scarcity of food products in Hawaii when prices did not go up, thanks to the economic ideas on prices held by good King Lunalilo.

The question of "prices" and "values" is one that is troubling all the world today but there was certainly one ruler who knew something about trust-busting sixty years ago.

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Rubber Tired Street Cars

The latest stunt in street cars is rubber tires. I do not know whether the Rapid Transit is thinking seriously of them but English engineers say the idea is practical and will work out to the advantage of both the traveling public and the corporations that operate street-car systems.

The life of a good auto truck tire is 20,000 miles, or somewhat greater than the working life of a steel-car wheel. The saving to the public would be reduction of noise and elimination of jar and vibration. The street car management would save in wear and tear of tracks and rails. Furthermore the speed limit can be increased where rubber tires are used, up to twenty miles an hour.

Rubber will be much cheaper ten years hence both because of the increased quantity of plantation product that will be on the market, and because somebody is going to discover how to make synthetic rubber some of these days. No man who has seen waste molasses converted into a good road can doubt this possibility.

The problems connected with the regular and orderly moving of crowds through city streets will be solved from new angles as time goes on, and ideas which today seem revolutionary will be accepted by the newer generations without question.

"Oh, mamma!" cried High Private Jones, as he perused the morning's budget of news, "look at this will you? We're goin to get them quarters they promised us two years ago. Here she is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Schofield, five hundred thousand for Kamehameha!"

Then he looked around in surprise as his auditors groaned.

"What's the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he demanded. "You didn't expect they'd send the most money where the most men was, did you? May be you did, though, at that, seeing you're mostly a lot of boobs who ain't been in this war long enough to get wise to this here war department an' congress.

"Well, seein' the war department promised us these here quarters before there was anybody at Kamehameha at all, it looks like they ought to make good once in a while," replied one of the crowd who had lived under canvas for a couple of years.

"Who do you think you are?" asked Jones in disgust. "Don't you know them artillery guys is the brains of the army? The scientific ginks? I suppose you think a guy who can make first-class on the range ought to live in a palace like a guy who can bust up the enemy at six miles with a twelve-inch gun. Get next to yourself, for the love of Mike." Whereupon the curious young man beat a hasty retreat.

"Now that that guy's gone," remarked Jones, "I don't mind admittin' this is a funny deal. See what it says. They're goin' to spend all their money at this place to put up barracks for a couple o' battalions of infantry.

"Now, that's what I call clever. You know it takes just four of these here new style buildings to put a regiment in. So far the cavalry's got two and the rest of them can live outdoors till some future date. Now, we're goin' to get a couple just like the cavalry's an' the rest of us can live outdoors an' keep company with the cavalry, and the rest of the infantry an' artillery.

"Who's fault is it? How do I know? They might as well take this money an' finish up the cavalry. It ain't goin' to do us any good to get half fixed up, any more than it did them fellows. I understand they put in for enough money here to fix up everybody and the estimate was cut down in congress. They're great on that. The other day the major wrote a letter an' said it's time we got some hot water plants for these here bath houses.

"It's pretty disagreeable for these men not to have no hot water in the winter," says the major. You know we started to chip in a couple of hundred an' buy a plant when we was in camp, an' they got ashamed and loaned us one. It's over in the cavalry now an' we ain't got any. Well, anyhow, the C. O. says 'sure' an' sent the letter forward. When it gets to the Quartermaster General he says: 'Sure, good idea, we'll include it in the estimates next year,' an' sends the letter back. Now, when they cut the estimate down next year an' use the money to fix up Corregidor or D. A. Russell we'll be just where we were before. That's what they been handin' us right along.

"Maybe," concluded Jones, "this here Territory will get busy an' send somebody besides a fat-head to Congress, an' then maybe they'll have sufficient drag to jump in an get a slice of the money so it'll do some good."

TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS

Frightful Marine Disaster at Athletic Park!

There was a marine disaster not scheduled by wireless one day last week. It happened out at the baseball park, and it was not the horse-marine variety either.

The trouble began when the mizzentopsail that some landlubber had rigged on the starboard beam of the grandstand unsheeted and slatted in the breeze.

Captain Jim Gregory, master of the flagship Kinau, was down near the bowsprit—he always heads for the shelter of a sail when he sees one—fondly objurgating his favorite baserunner to slide. When the reefings blew out the valiant captain thought he was on the quarter deck once more.

Now be it known that Captain Gregory has traversed the briny in all sorts of craft ever since he ran away from home and signed on the Peruvian bark Calisaya as cabin boy forty years ago. When a sail slats he knows just exactly what to say and who to talk to. When the grandstand jibsail blew out Captain Gregory jumped up while his man was half way to second and adjured the astonished spectators to "Step lively there, you tar-footed blinkety, blankety, blank blanks! Clew that lower spanker boom topping lift! Loose sliding gunter and make fast the futtock shrouds. Stand by to cast anchor"—but the umpire said, "runner out."

Paris Fashions

Paris fashions! The words as they appear at the head of a newspaper column two weeks old have, says the writer of "Vanity Fair," in the Argonaut, a certain ironic sound about them. A month ago Paris was glad and glittering and debonair, almost without suspicion of the shadow of the sword then hardly heavy enough to shut out the sunlight. But today there are no Paris fashions. The marts are empty, and the tiring rooms deserted. Mighty realities have driven all the pretty pretenses from the field, and the hand of the soldier lies crushingly alike upon folly and upon fashion. Truly the Paris fashions have changed, as they were ever wont to do. Red is now the prevailing color.

Paris has always dearly loved her foolishnesses. This is not the first time in her history that they have been hustled from sight only to reappear in full vigor as soon as the returning political sunshine had once more put heart of grace into their votaries. Paris under the Reign of Terror was the most unfashionable, the most sombre spot on earth. But how the butterflies flocked forth into the warmth as soon as the guillotine had ceased to drip with blood and when Napoleon's threatened "whiff of grapeshot" had warned the Terrorists back again into their proper shadows. Paris began to glitter and shine once more. To be hilariously merry was an indication alike of patriotism and of breeding, and as for the losses to the population—well, the women of France could always be depended upon to do their duty, of course, with an adequate cooperation, and so it was quite the correct thing to offer visible, if unreal, evidence that reinforcements were on the way. Paris had still to pass through other valleys of death, but her gayety never quite deserted her. Even the Prussian officers are said to have left wounded hearts as well as wounded bodies behind them when they evacuated Paris, while the following Commune was no more than a brief and hideous interlude. Paris can always awake from her calamities and shine more brilliantly than ever.

But what shall we say now? Will the fashions of Paris ever again ride laughingly over the common sense of the world? Is this another interlude, or is it the end? At the risk of pessimism we may remind ourselves that there is an end to all things, and that the Eastern potentate had wisdom upon his side when he chose as his motto the fateful words, "Even this shall pass away."

Though we may all hate each other as good Christians have ever done it is evident that the world has now become very small and that we are all knit together by bonds that we cannot escape. The momentary extinction of the Paris fashions must have a certain extraordinary effect upon the women of America. On what will they now model their attire? Whom will they imitate? What will now be the alternative, the compulsory alternative, to the proud display of the Paris importation, and to the sartorial label that was almost a passport to the realm of American fashion? For there will now be no more importations of French fluffinesses. There will be no imperious dictations from the master minds of French fashions. There will be none of those intoxicating visits to the French capital, nor the triumphant returns with the spoils that of old made the heart of the customs officer to beat with anticipation of profits. Will the American woman set to work to develop a style of her own? Will she now bedeck herself in distinctive American modes? Can she do so, she whose highest ambition has been to adopt and to imitate? For a time it must go hard with her. She has never been trained to distinctiveness nor to an independent thought. Her one long suit has been a sartorial obedience. She has shown a discipline and an uniformity that would have delighted the heart of a German drill sergeant. Can she now learn to be different? Can she now possess her own soul? We shall see.

A. W. CARTER—Hawaiian ranchers are specializing on the breeding of plantation mules, with very excellent prospects of completely cutting out the importation of that class of work stock from the Pacific Coast before another ten years has passed. Hawaii is developing many minor industries that in their aggregate will amount to a great deal. It is better to spend money at home than abroad.

Small Talks

GEORGE A. DAVIS—I leave my eccentricities outside of the courts of law.

NORMAN WATKINS—The necessity for having dependable men in the legislature is as much for blocking the rotten stuff as for putting through the good bills.

CAPTAIN STEUNENBERG—For the enlightenment of a misguided public I wish to state that I did not write the historic poem entitled "Hoch Der Kaiser." It was written by an Australian editor and is far beyond the power of my pen.

CAPT. CHAS. DUDOIT—The Dudoit figuring in the divorce courts is not I. The confusion of names has brought me many inquiries from people who are surprised that "Old Charlie" should have marital troubles. This particular Charlie is my nephew.

MISS EDITH KIENE, of Denver—Elections are very exciting. In Colorado the women vote. At the last election the ballot contained fifty-two proposed amendments to the State constitution every one of them drawn up by a clique of grafting lawyers in such form that no one knew what they meant, or what they were voting for, whether the vote was yes or no. Many of the amendments were defeated. All that passed have been in the courts since the election, for interpretation.

LIEUTENANT RICH—I don't take much stock in the charges and countercharges that the opposing Allied forces and the Germans are using dum-dum bullets. The sharp-pointed bullet fired by the modern rifle has such great initial velocity that it has an almost explosive effect when it strikes the body at short ranges. When it strikes some other object and ricochets it frequently loses its shape altogether and inflicts a ghastly wound. I think that is the cause of the trouble.

DR. E. V. WILCOX—The results of a series of feeding experiments at the Parker Ranch indicate that corn is a shade better than barley, pound for pound, for feeding work animals. Many plantations have been experimenting with corn, either as a straight grain ration, or combined with barley and alfalfa meal. I believe that in the course of time Island-grown corn will almost entirely displace the enormous quantities of rolled barley imported from the Coast. It is better feed. A self-respecting Louisiana mule would not touch barley as long as corn is in sight.

ARTHUR L. DEANE—There are, in my opinion, only two fields of effective advertising for a college or university. The first and foremost is the human product. The number and quality of an institution's graduates, as shown by the place they occupy in the community life, is absolutely the best form of advertising, quality far outweighing numbers. The second form of advertisement is to establish the reputation of the academic staff by publishing their original investigations for distribution among the workers in other institutions of learning. The College of Hawaii will never be a great institution measured by the number of its students—the field from which to draw is too limited—but, it will be a good one. Our standards are as high as the best.

European Military Terms

In the dispatches are used many military terms rather confusing to the civilian reader who is not up in military terminology, and which in the various armies has differing meanings. Here is an explanatory and helpful tabulation for reference:

GERMANY.

Army corps—Its staff, two infantry divisions, two regiments of field artillery, three squadrons of cavalry, a company of pioneers, a brigade train, field bakeries, telegraph troops, field hospital, etc., one or two batteries of heavy field howitzers of mortars and a machine gun group. Total, 40,000 men.

Infantry division—Two brigades. Total, 12,000 men.

Brigade—Two regiments. Total, 6000 men.

Regiment—Three battalions of four companies each. Total, 3000 men.

Battalion—Four companies of 250 men each. Total, 1000 men.

Regiment of field artillery—Nine batteries of field guns, howitzers, 72 pieces, and three of field battery, six guns.

Brigade of cavalry—Two and occasionally three regiments. Total, 600 to 2400 men.

Regiment of cavalry—Four squadrons of 200 men each. Total, 800 men.

FRANCE.

Army corps—Two infantry divisions, one brigade of cavalry, one brigade of horse and foot artillery, one engineers' battalion, one squadron of train force. Total, 40,000 men.

Infantry division—Two brigades of infantry, one squadron of cavalry, 2 batteries. Total, 12,000 men and 48 guns.

Brigade—Two regiments of three battalions each. Total, 6000 men.

Battalion—Four companies of 250 men each. Total, 1000 men.

Cavalry division—Two and sometimes three brigades; 3200 to 4800 men.

Brigade of cavalry—Two regiments of eight squadrons, with two batteries of artillery.

Regiment of cavalry—Four squadrons; 800 men.

Squadron of cavalry—Two hundred men.

Battery of artillery—Six guns.

BRITAIN.

Brigade of infantry—Four battalions and administrative and medical units. Total, 4000 men.

Cavalry brigade—Two regiments of four squadrons each. Total, 800 men.

Brigade of artillery—Three batteries, 18 guns; heavy artillery, 12 guns, field howitzers; two batteries; horse artillery, two batteries.

Battery—Six guns.

Division—Fifty-four field guns, 12 howitzers and four heavy field guns; 15,000 combatants.

RUSSIA.

Battalion of infantry—Eight hundred men.

Squadron of cavalry—One hundred and twenty-five men.

Battery of artillery—Eight guns.

The Packer

By George Steunenberg in Popular Magazine

We're the boys that packs the rations when the army hits the trail
And you'll always find us ready for a hike;
And no matter how you hit it up we're never known to fail
To be with you when you finish down the pike;
Chase yourself across the mountains till your men are droppin' dead—
Pitch your camp a thousand miles from anywhere;
But when you're pitchin' shelter tents and rollin' out your bed
You can bet you'll find the pack train there!

Naw! I wouldn't be a soldier if they made me brigadier
And I'd die before I'd wear a uniform;
Give me the old blue overalls for twelve months in the year,
And a slicker when we chance to strike a storm;
No, we ain't so much to look at and our ways are rather slack
And along the trail you're apt to hear us swear;
But when you're out of rations and your belly rubs your back
You can bet you'll find the pack train there!

Want to see us pack a mule? Clap the blind across his face,
Give the rope a simple, scientific twitch;
Now we heave the sacks and boxes up and butt 'em into place,
And in half a shake we've got the diamond hitch;
Sixty seconds to a mule and we beat it down the trail
To the tinkle of the old bell mare—
Hit the grit for all you're worth—chase yourself around the earth!
But you'll always find the pack train there.

There's a string of fifty mules good for seven tons of freight—
Sacks of flour, slabs of bacon, bales of hay,
Grand pianos, kegs of whisky (though it may evaporate),
And we never kick at thirty miles a day;
Over snowy peaks and cañons where a slip is Adios!
For you'd drop a half a mile through empty air—
Lead us anywhere you please, over rocks and fallen trees,
But you'll always find the pack train there.

When you're stationed in the firing line along a rocky crest
And you're diggin' like a gopher in the dirt;
While the chunks of lead are hummin' like a hummin' hornet's nest
And you're tying up the wounded with your shirt;
When you've searched the dead for cartridges and shot 'em all away
And you feel yourself beginning to despair—
Then you yell for ammunition—oh, you needn't holler twice!—
For, you bet, you'll find the pack train there!

Where did we learn the business? Not at any army post;
Ask the desert with its wastes of burning sand;
Ask the vast and silent places from Nebrasky to the Coast—
From the Arctic Circle to the Rio Grande;
Ask the miry clay of Cuba or the distant Philippines—
The jungles with their fever-laden air—
The cold Alaska snows—anywhere the army goes—
For you'll always find the pack train there.